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Original Poetry.

AN AFTER THOUGHT OF GRIEF.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

A month ago, I buried thee, my child,
From out my broken threshold, silently:
And while your silent hearts thy lone tomb hold,
And other crowns waited in agony;
Calmly and meekly death I smiled,
It bore no strong and crushing blow to me.

I never had many a bitter complaining spoken
Of my most utter coldness, they complained,
That it might have a father's love was weak.
That my serious cold indifference reigned,
It was when I stopped the war drops from my cheek
For the dear sake of those who yet remained.

My heart were not into thy grave, my boy,
As following thee I did have gloomy pain,
There stood for me, oh! many a spring of joy,
Though one was dried that sweet spring had end,
The cheerful heavens of home yet none so high,
And one bright star had paled and died.

I did pity me, if I did love on one
Of our weak, idols change in mighty kind,
It is our Father's suffering hand shall rest,
But one poor lamb, and desolate for God!
Oh! I keep not to do our love an hour,
That on their native all our wealth is told.

A month ago we buried thee, and now
From the spring Mother's hand the cup of toil,
The sunshine the shadow from the mother's brow,
And to me one whole light reveal,
And some of all the sensitive movements how
All the dear joys of good, within our dwelling wake.

And now the blow to the extreme again,
The world, held back, has reached me in its
The pain of others grows to me a pain,
Heavy as death, and cruel as the grave,
Long for my morning lone, I've waited in vain,
And tempted, and gone my several way.

My crippled angel, my poor bound child,
If ever I see thee, it will be in heaven,
Too early, if for joy eagerly smiled,
Alone, the cradle of thy parted sing,
Not for my Lover to call our pain beguiled,
For fellow sorrow is no thought to-day.

Pictures of Life.

EVELYN VILLARS;

OR,

A COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD.

(CONTINUED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARREL DENISON."

CHAPTER VII.

So fresh and wild,
Retreat for woman and the child.
Percival's Poems.

"Now you many children?" asked Evelyn, with a weakening interest in her companion.

"To be replied, sadly; "I had one—the child of whom I spoke, but I have lost her."

"I am afraid you must have thought me very rude, as well as thoughtless," said Evelyn, her conscience beginning to smite her severely.

"Not at all," said kindly; "you had a little thoughtless: and time will soon make a great impression upon you."

"Do you think I shall be unhappy then?" said Evelyn, anxiously. Sorrow the object of her fear, and abhorrence, always rose before her when people spoke of time.

"I hope not," replied, seriously," returned her companion: "and you, bright as you are, may not escape: but it was not that I meant. I meant that you would grow more thoughtful, more serious, more feelings of amusement when they might not be indulged. You have been very gay, I dare say, for gay," he continued, looking at her with the kindest smile: "indeed I do."

"Dear, dear! what scrapes one does get in, in this world!" soliloquized poor Evelyn: but it was not her conscience that was troubled at that time. She looked up, and answered, with her accustomed gayety, "I am afraid you thought me very rude, and I am very sorry: but, really, I am not quite myself to-day, and I quite forgot where I was, and what I was saying: I cannot help laughing, I am so merry."

Mr. Villars was surprised and gratified. He consented at once, and he and his visitor left the room together.

Evelyn was pleased, but not sufficiently so to prevent her suppressing her disappointment, and a heavy sigh escaped her, as she followed her kind companion across the capaciousness of them.

"There is mercy," thought Evelyn, "in every sense. I never knew how to please him. Some one will come to like me, and my mother will be more easy again. In fact, I believe, dislike, there is nobody like Mr. Harcourt: he never changes, and I am sure I can be a great deal better when I have the others put together."

Juliet received Miss Drake replied, "Certainly, my dear, there is one equal to Mr. Harcourt."

"Ah! yes, Miss Drake, I do, you know, like Colonel Maxwell better to-day than I did the other day—that is the way, and we shall be very good friends: I am sure I shall, when he comes to see me, or if Henry is engaged, I always like them the better for it. I am curious, isn't I? Is it natural, or is it more than usual?"

Miss Drake was often puzzled at Evelyn's spirits, so very great sometimes, and she was at a loss now how to answer her question. Evelyn, however, relieved her, by saying, "I don't know, indeed, my dear."

"I wonder if it is natural. What do you think, Juliet?"

"I think it is naturally," replied the little girl, "because I suppose, seeing that dreadful fire so pleased, makes you think more of their good opinions."

"Ah!" said Evelyn, with an emphatic nod, "I suppose that is it. Yes, I see it is quite natural. Do you think Colonel Maxwell will come to-day, Drake?"

"I don't know, my dear—I never thought."

"How very odd you are, Miss Drake! that is always the first thing I think of. Do you think about differently? Do answer me! I don't care much about only people—I mean, very ugly," as her eye fell on the old housekeeper's face, opposite to her governess. "What did you think of Colonel Maxwell, Juliet?"

"I thought he was very nice-looking, Evelyn. I thought him rather like papa."

Like Mr. Harcourt!" said she, dear, that had not struck me; but I think I see what you mean—tall, and so genteel, and all that. He is quite people, though I am so many myself. By-the-bye, have I to talk that, if nobody will speak, what is to be done for it?"

Evelyn was made very happy on the evening of the day, by Mr. Villars receiving an invitation to dine with Mr. and Miss Lewis, to meet Colonel Maxwell at dinner at Rosin Lawn on the following Saturday. It was not only the pleasure of seeing Colonel Maxwell again, though that, also, was kind and acknowledged, but the sense of being sought in mind, the more and of dining out was a pleasure. Henry Egerton and Mr. Harcourt were included in the invitation; but by the former it was declined, as he was going to another house in the country to let a friend have a holiday.

"Now, I do expect to be happy enough, Miss Drake," said Evelyn, as she ran down stairs, on the Saturday evening, looking upward at her governess, who was following more composedly: "I expect to be happy, and mean to be happy—don't say that I shall be disappointed."

"I hope not, I am sure, my dear; but don't expect too much, or it may be so."

"No, no, certainly: we were talking—"

Here Colonel Maxwell observed the frightened expression of Evelyn's face, and interrupting the communications, he said—

"No, no! don't tell me: you must not suppose I am so curious. I remember my copy-book on that word. 'Curiosity is the mark of a little mind,' and you ever write that copy, Miss Villars?"

"Oh! we don't mind telling you what we were talking of, indeed," said Bob, with another wink; "we were talking of cattle."

"Of cattle!—I did not know Miss Villars was a judge."

"A judge! I believe she is. Why, she knows all about it;" and then, good-naturedly thinking that, as Colonel Maxwell was a cattle, Evelyn would like to have him all to herself, Bob Lew got up and went away.

Colonel Maxwell turned gravely to Evelyn.

"Have you observed your attention to this interesting study for any length of time?"

She laughed, and made no answer.

"Are you an admirer of fat cattle, Miss Villars, or do you hold an opinion which I have often heard ladies express, that thin cattle are much to be preferred?"

"You don't really suppose that I care about that sort of thing?" said Evelyn, almost puzzled by his gravity. "I don't care about any animal, or at all, except dogs, and perhaps you don't call them cattle."

"No," he replied, gravely, "we don't usually call dogs cattle. But I am disappointed," he continued, in the same manner; "I thought I had at last found a woman of sense."

In her overtasks of health, Mr. Harcourt, with the strong hope of a still sanguine nature, that, as she advanced in years, she might overcome the weakness of her natural constitution; but as a month, or even a fortnight, rarely passed without an attack which reminded him of the restlessness of her fragile frame, an increasing shade of thoughtfulness and sadness had at late stolen over his mind still occasionally dispersed by a ray of bright color and more elastic step, but most, too soon, recurring again. But he had not yet taken the shape of hopelessness—but his cheerfulness was forced in the necessity that at any other time, he could not without an effort, withdraw her from that mood.

Juliet was lying on the sofa, with a table before her, on which a copy of verses in writing was lying.

"What is this, Juliet?" said Evelyn, taking up the paper.

"It is some poetry papa wrote for me. He always copies me something when he goes home, and he knows that I like best to learn in that way, and I have such a quantity of verses now about flowers, that I have them bound all together for me, and it will be such a nice book. These are pretty, will you not learn them, Evelyn?"

The verses were as follows:

I WILL LEAD THEM THROUGH PATHS THEY HAVE NOT KNOWN.

How now who, from their youthful day,
Look on to what their lives may be,
Have but few thoughts and cares that stray
From the straight course they hope to see.
For God, through ways they know not, knows,
Will lead His own.

A lowlier task on them is laid,
With love to make the labor light,
And there they find, when unafraid,
By quiet home, and lost to sight,
Unnoticed and unknown, they grow
Like flowers which by the wayside blow.
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

The gentle heart that thinks with pain
Of wasted days and vacant hours,
And, if it dared its life to view,
Would find it filled with idle flowers,
Or worse, with weeds that choke the good,
Shall find, through ways they have not known,
Their God lead His own.

Whatever path the path shall be
That God for each one may ordain,
We know that we a strength shall see,
Where we can say, not I, but He:
We see the end, the flower is full,
And not the path we may not tell.
For He, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

"They are very good, Juliet," said Evelyn, gravely, as she laid the paper down—"very good."

"And yet I don't think you like them, Evelyn."

"To tell you the truth, Juliet, I don't like them. Why is everything to be so melancholy? Are you to enjoy or have what they wish?"

"Papa gave them to me," said Juliet, "because I am fond of flowers, and he knows I like them to be good and obedient, being always good and obedient himself. I think he wishes that I should be well for a little while, and like other children, only not to be naughty, and to learn my lessons, and he said he would give me something on Sunday, to make me more contented."

Evelyn again took up the verses. "What I don't like is, that they are so sad. Whether or not any body else, were to say to me over and over again that they thought it was no matter whether they were happy or miserable, I should not believe them; and why then put it here? I like to be happy myself."

"But I don't think it quite means that, Evelyn," said Juliet, puzzled by her manner. "I think it could be well for a little while, and like other children, only not to be naughty, and to learn my lessons, and he said he would give me something on Sunday, to make me more contented."

"No! do you not, Juliet? that is very nice of you. Well, Dickens is always saying that people must be well more like me, so I suppose, I can't be so very bad. Good-bye, the present."

CHAPTER IX.

Her face was fair, but it was not that which made
The sunlight of his boyhood.
Byron

It was about a fortnight after Mr. Law's dinner, Colonel Maxwell was walking alone, and in deep thought, on the terrace at Redlynch. He came more leisurely, and a better way to his mind.

The letter was from Mr. Villars, containing an invitation to Wilmington for a few days. The subject of his meditation was to be, or not to be—whether or not the invitation should be accepted.

I said Colonel Maxwell was meditating, but I am seriously afraid it is not the right word to use with him. His soliloquies were generally carried on under the form of a conversation, for he was one of those not very uncommon beings who possess the singular power, on direct opposition to the other, and, as the question and answer were so distinct as of the conversation had been carried on between two persons, rather than of his meditations shall be given to the public.

"Shall I go or not?" said Colonel Maxwell. "I think I shall go to Wilmington."

"Are you sure of?" was the reply.

"I am sure I ought to go to see Miss Villars.

Pulpit Orators.

THE REV. HENRY BASCOM.

THE TULLY OF KENTUCKY.

Eloquence is the offspring of freedom. There are choice on the tongue of the slave as well as on his hand. He who dares to utter fully all his heart and soul, can never speak in tones of thunder. Wherever the iron veil of the despot has the freedom of utterance, whatever is the power possessed by itself as authority which even the dare not claim, the authority to control the revolutions of pure thought and the expression is almost spoken—be sure that, whatever may be the genius of the land in the children of such a land, still the lip will falter, and babble with wavering indirectness and nameless nervousness. This theory needs no assumptions or arguments a priori in order to its demonstration. We find it on the surface and at the centre of all human history—Whence comes our great models of beauty and power? Every schoolboy can give the answer. But from the jeweled and gorgeous despotisms of the East, or from Roman Empire grinding the world, where the words of the orator seem ice instead of fire, but from Athens when her citizens were fetterless as the winds or the Ægean; from Rome, when the shadow of Liberty was first of all in the Forum, the Pantheon, and in every temple of "the seven hills;" from France when Mirabeau thundered promptness to the new parliament from that third segment of Sieyes's Parliament—the one alone possessing the name—the lower House and finally from every line and point of our American Union, which is free all over.

Liberty of itself, however, without the aid of other conditions, is not enough to develope the most sublime efforts of liberty speech. So we see over truly eloquent until aroused to the highest degree of excitement by some motive. There can be no thunder without a storm, and no storm without tumult or agitation of the atmosphere—The necessary conditions of great oratorical achievements are vivacities, opposition, intellectual strifes, and fiery and determined antagonisms.

This view of the subject enables us to explain a singular phenomenon—the unquestionable fact that Kentucky has produced more distinguished orators beyond all comparison than any other State in the confederacy. It is precisely because Kentucky has been the cockpit, very often, of fiercest and most numerous agitations. Her soil as fruitful in other respects, has always up to the present hour been wonderfully prolific of spirits of discord. First, there was the contest between the "old court" and the "new court," that lasted nearly a dozen years, and almost resulted in civil war. Next might be mentioned one of the most terrific, which remained not justice during the full quarter of a century. Afterwards came on the "pinched builder" of political history, and the angry and protracted ever recorded in peaceful times; and finally, we may call, as the mightiest violence of her religious sectarian controversies—three, bitter, bloody.

Now, as all these various and heterogeneous issues had to be settled mainly by a direct appeal to the popular ear, an immense demand for the eloquence of competent advocates was the inevitable consequence; and according to the ever-changing law of mental as well as social economy, the "supply" of every sort of power is always sure to arise itself to the "demand." It was so there.

But let us begin our brief and true biography—the biography of a remarkable man—of a man whom Henry Clay publicly pronounced at Lexington, some three years ago, to be the mightiest orator of the age.

The Rev. Henry Bascom is a native of Kentucky. The son of poor but honest parents, his education was mostly moral and physical till he arrived at the age of eighteen summers, when he "professed conversion," to use a Western phrase, and immediately became an itinerant preacher of the Methodist connexion. From that day his eagerness for knowledge and success (for he meant to attain it, were unremitting and astonishingly) successful. Fortune, or chance, favored his noble ambition. His first circuit embraced the neighborhood of Henry Clay, then in all the splendor and golden pride of his fame. Mr. Clay was in the habit of attending the appointments of the young minister, and frequently urged her husband to go and hear him. At length the great orator consented, in order to please her, but with the fanatical expectation of being most unmercifully bored. What, then, must have been his surprise and pleasure, when the magical fire was kindled from a boundless lip, poured forth a torrent of burning words—rich, rare, radiant and fascinating with the starry light of poesy from beginning to end!

The statements found hereof astonished, delighted, and more away as an irresistible charm utterly inexplicable. He had come Christian to be annoyed by the stale monotony of Methodistic sing-song; but lo! he listened to the celestial playing of an Arabian harp, with its sweeps as high as the heavens and its sighings as mournful as the wind. He expected to behold a common pebble, and now saw over his head a rainbow—a glorious flower of the purest ray, that needed only the polishing hand of the jeweler to give it matchless brilliancy. He determined to be the preacher himself. When the service closed, he approached with tears of joy in his eyes and made his own introduction: grasped young Bascom's hand with brotherly warmth: greeted his son with those expressive compliments so grateful to aspiring genius; invited him to his house; opened for his perpetual use the glass case of his splendid library; rummaged for him the best of teachers; aided him with ample means; and, more than all, encouraged him with that fine flattery which is to youthful ambition what cocoa was to the Olympian gods. Mr. Clay unconsciously penning are such instances of generosity in the history of professed politicians! There also is like the sweet perfume of heaven in such acts of virtue. On that day Henry Clay was far greater than at any recorded hour, any crime of his destiny, when forging peace or thunder from a voice that has so often startled the very walls of the Capitol.

Thenceforth the course of Bascom was onwards and upwards: from a circuit to a chaplaincy to the floor of Congress: and thence to the Professor's chair of a distinguished Western College.

But we cannot convey an accurate idea of the man by such hasty generalities: a particular is the ample becomes necessary to finish the portrait. I will beg leave to draw it out on the table—a matter of my memory as any event of yesterday. It was the first time I saw and heard the Tully of Kentucky.

It was a day of exceeding beauty, that last Sunday in May, 1830—a day of sunny air, and sombre height and glimmer as the smile of God. Before ten o'clock every road and every one of the spacious church was filled to overflowing. The whole population of Lexington, a lovely little town on the Ohio River, to Indeed, appeared to have turned out to hear "the great orator" from Lexington, whose fame had travelled in advance of his coming. It was his first visit to the State, and hence the public anxiety to witness his effort. All eyes were turned to the door, and (as the stupid phrase goes in such way) with many sages at Jerusalem, so no one entered to enter the very circumstantial description of his person which had the pertinacity very long publication in the papers.

The hour of eleven arrived, and the well known parson of the station began the devotional exercises by singing and prayer. At last, the tones of reverence increased with all, and, with a portion of the audience, as far as to attempt to pour into audible words the "groans" attempted to reach either, half aloud, "as it only and Allen Wiley who is going to hold forth after all?"

At length the prayer was ended and Parson Wiley seemed to rise; when a form, hitherto concealed by the mahogany front of the pulpit, suddenly emerged from behind it, and stood erect. Less than another second, and the whole house was a statue. At this appalling every individual in the immense house started, and every heart thrilled with a nameless emotion—it so struck the senses, and there was a sense of consequence in his attitude, his immobility, nay, in his very silence.

His figure was of perfect symmetry; his features of classic mould; his brow pure because in its outlines, and surmounted with a fine curtain of jet black hair. His countenance seemed intensely intellectual, without any preponderance of the sensual, of animal passion: but his eyes, at the moment, were drawn up expressively, and set on empty space, as if we were totally unconscious of any presence other than the ideal at his own deep thoughts: his frame was of the coarse cloth, and made in the latest cut of the fashion. If I had a fault, one might say it was that he dressed with too gentleman of considerable for good taste.

Presently he raised his right hand with a gesture of impetuous haste, and pressed his fingers on his pale forehead, as if to assist the brain in its mighty labors of thought; and then instantly announced his text from the Book of Revelations—"Behold! I stand at the door and knock!" Without face or apology—those flowery cavities of lame preachers—he paused at once into the heart of his subject, and then took wings and rode away on a whirlwind of fiery words. His tones, from the commencement, rolled, and pealed, and rang like the beautifully melodious music of some wondrous organ, attracting the crashes of the tremendous power that seemed to jar the walls of the building as if an extraordinary voice coming out of the clouds. Now it sank into a wild wail, and fear and plaintive as a funeral chant: again it swelled to the steady roar of a hurricane, of a hurricane indeed could be all used to such notions of harmony; and then it would break out in successive thunder-claps, causing the very hair to rise on the hearer's head, and the warm marrow to creep, as if were, in his bones. The effect was awful, too, by the orator's gesticulation—note graceful as the airy curves of a butterfly in the sky; and soon, grand to sublimity, and urgent as the sweep of the eagle climbing the heights of the storm cloud. His eye—at the same as we have said, dim and dreamy—now burned, and flashed, and lightened, till aided by the lifetime of fancy and the scene, it appeared to dart arrows of flame against the darkness.

As the mighty magician went on, the entire audience seemed charged with electricity. Here and there single individuals began to rise involuntarily to their feet; then others rose by twos and threes; and a dozen started up together; and finally, the whole living, throbbing, enthusiastic mass might be seen standing as one man, with their eyes kindled, their bosoms heaving, as upon with a gaze, with half parted lips, and teeth clenched like vises. The excitement was unconscious, and yet too profound for any species of utterance. Not a sigh, not a murmur was heard. Nothing could be heard save the voice of the orator; and during the intervals of his pulsed the fall of a pin would have been audible.

His subject, too, was unique as his manner—His theme was—The future career of mankind as natural capacity for intellectu and glorious progress, and the possible splendor of its achievements and earth." His method of discussion was purely rational and scientific—that is to say, in the abstract. A few of his sentences he has given in my memory to the present hour. He invited his hearers to look back to the time when matter is capable, (see the following illustration.)

"Chemistry," said he, "has changed the old primitive battery, teaches that the starry diamond in the crown of kings, and the black carbon which the peasant treads under his feet, are both results of the same identical elements; analyzes also gems that a chief ingredient in diamonds is carbon. Then let the burning breath of God pass over all the limestone of earth, and but of one penny layers chrysalides into new beauty; and at the almighty fiat the mountain ranges find living gems with a lustre that rivals the splendor of night noon, and eclipses all the stars!"

In regard to the same view by another example still better adapted to popular apprehension.

"Look," said he, "and the microscope reveals pointing a motionless finger towards the lofty ceiling, as if it were the sky. "Look! what grisly fiends—the monsters of the deep!—of the lightless and hissing hell—the cruels of tempests and floods! What can be more awful, more dreary, more ugly!

But I say, scoffing sceptic, is it capable of any beauty? Yes gentlemen, it is! Look, very closely, but behold, while the sneering denial cuts your lips, a ray from on with his sword of light shoots through the sea of vapors in the West, and laughs in your incredulous face with his fine golden eye. The vapors at his touch change—they are no more! It was blackest and fullest of gloom, the sea—mean time—has become clear as crystal, and all the hue fell there a new a blush, brighter than the rose—warmer on the bosom of morning than the cheek of Venus—and gold, of purple and vermilion—a pictured blush, fit for the gaze of angels! Now look again, and see what they are! They are wrought at a dash by one stroke of the right hand of God! Ayes, the ugly closet hang the north in the rainbow, that perfection and symbol of unspeakable beauty!"

It is impossible to paint the effects of such outbursts of eloquence, delivered in his peculiar voice and manner. At last, he closed with an appeal so conscious of sublimity and admiration commingled of War. He was first elected to the United States Senate in 1835, and we believe has been four times returned to a seat in that body by the State of South Carolina. He was elected in 1832 the Vice President of the United States, when the electors voted for a ticket of President, and the Hon. Andrew Jackson was elected President. His course in regard to Nullification was the first step which brought him into disfavor with the democratic party, with whom his political sympathies had all ways acted. His political influence was strong enough to his moral ability, but to the singular honesty of his character. There was no doubt of his integrity of purpose, all men knew that he was an honest man, and judged him more strenuously, never acted on questions involving right and truthfulness. It was that which imparted an elevation to his nature, which made talent, however splendid, seem mean and contemptible. It dignified and intellectually honest. His opinions were nearly always clear, logical, and vigorous, from their premises, and his conclusions were irresistible.

But his political influence was not great, and would have received, of late years, fewer votes for any National office, and yet none was, in many respects, more worthy of it. His high character, his consistency, his worth of mere party ties, his honesty of purpose, all won him regard, even from those great masses of society that rejected his political views subjects with great reverence. He had so much in his composition that was manly and heroic—that defied scepticism, and compelled admiration. He was a man who stood between him and his purpose. Men Manfully respected him "the cast-iron man," as to the rigidity of his will, that had stamped itself in his massive face.

But Calhoun is dead! That mighty spirit, which for years sat on the face of the earth in mortal man, has fretted another its fetters of clay. Who is there that can take his place, that can fill his position to the country, to the world? No one! No one! A second Clay, a second Webster, a second Jackson, we have never seen, never!

He fell in his armor—as he would have wished to fall. Leading on the forlorn hope of his army, cheering them with gallant words, and a heart that never faltered, never trembled, never knew fear. He stands to us at the generation of Washington, and Hamilton, and Jay, and we have seen in one lesson that every young man and woman in the country should read the life of Calhoun, and LEARN ALWAYS WHERE YOUR STATE. If you do not, you will be ignorant of the principles of your own government, and be liable to become the victim of designing politicians.

Mrs. Calhoun was not informed of the perilous condition of her husband until the moment of his death. She was then sent for, and hastened to his side. The scene was most heart-rending, and the whole family were present. Mrs. Calhoun was overcome by grief, and was carried from the room in a state of insensibility. Mr. Calhoun was then declared dead.

It will be seen by the above statement, that a large majority of the votes last week were for Sunday laws.

The advocates of the daily laws are composed of the friends of the rich, and the friends of the corporations and property of regarding the last day of the week as a day of rest from the labors of the business, but do not believe in any personal restraint. They believe that the observance of Sunday as a day of rest for stringent legislative enactments. Secondly, those who are conscientiously opposed to the labor of the seventh day, but opposed to preventing others from transacting their business on that day. The friends of these classes contend that the injunctions in Scripture to keep the Sabbath day holy refer to the seventh day of the week, and that if we are bound by the injunction at all, we are bound to observe the day which is the seventh day. They contend that there is no authority to prove that the day is not changed from the last day of the week to the first, and that the only obligations resting upon us to observe the first day of the week is the force of real, and in some cases forced to violate their conscientious convictions.

But it is not our purpose to give a full account of the proceedings of the Legislature, but simply attempt to state the principal points of the discussion which has agitated our city for some weeks past. We do not suppose that the Legislature would appear to compose a decided majority of the members opposed to the Sunday laws, but we believe that the majority will not be sufficient to produce a different result. Each party will doubtless vote as a party on the final question.

HOTEL KEEPERS.

The Court of Quarter Sessions of the city last decided, in the case of an individual who was fined only eighty dollars, that the law which requires no innkeeper is bound to receive strangers and furnish them with food and entertainment, is unjust and unjustified, and in reasoning on which we have reported on that fourth page, explained the fine and cost that were brought in against an institution in Berlin. The accused says that none of the people stop at his house, but the boarding speech and speaking to perfectly, that if he should be a stranger he pretends himself that they are really dead. Surely, of all the trumpets of education and philanthropy, this is one of the greatest.

WONDERS OF EDUCATION.

A correspondent of the Boston Courier says, that Dr. Dix, a resident of Boston, has a parrot which can not only don't pay speak properly. You should have seen the fond and proud look that beamed on the face of the Virginia weed upon the proclamation, or that some of the people around were astonished at the course of the month of April.

Dr. Dix is telling a race, the other day, near Berlin, it was discovered that a mouse with its progeny, had taken up its winter quarters in the fence.

"Quit spoiling that nasty tobacker on the floor, Dick," said the mother to the parrot, "you don't pay speak properly. You should have seen the curious look that silence spirit

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

UNITY OF THE RACE.

At a recent meeting of the American Scientific Association, at Charleston, a debate arose, which involved very singular conclusions, and created not a little excitement. Dr. Nott read a paper entitled "An Examination of the Physical History of the Jews," and its merits having become the subject of general comment, a debate ensued, of which the Charleston Courier gives the following account, dated the 2d inst.:

Professor Agassiz arose and said, that inasmuch as his opinions on this question had been made the matter of personal remark, he would take this opportunity, once for all, to express his views very decidedly on the subject. He had many friends and some ill-feeling had arisen among naturalists, from not understanding the grounds of the controversy which were assumed by opposing parties. As a general proposition, he must side with those who maintain the doctrine of the unity of the race, if by the unity of the race he meant only more than that all reaching men were endowed with one common nature, intellectual and physical, derived from the same source, and destined to ocde the same moral government of the universe, endowed also as relations to the Deity, and were also appointed to retribution and immortality beyond the grave. Under these aspects, he was ready to maintain the doctrine of the unity of the race. It was quite a different question, whether the different races were derived from one pair or one common human ancestors. For his own part, during his residence in the southern confederacy, he was ready to maintain that the different races of men were descended from different pairs. But he regarded the question as fully sustained by divine revelation. The Jewish history was the history, not of one race, but of the whole family of mankind; but the existence of other races was not manifestly alluded to, and, consequently implied, if not absolutely asserted, in the sacred volume.

The utterance of these opinions by this very eminent naturalist and philosopher, created no little sensation and excitement in the whole audience. The Rev. Dr. Bachman said he was not disposed to discuss the question before the Society. He had just done it through the press; and it was one of those nice and delicate questions which, he thought, were not suited to the public debate, by a literary society, before a promiscuous audience, than for discussion between the advocates of opposing theories, through the press. He had hoped that all the members of the question would be watered in the public meeting of the Society, but inasmuch as the subject had been introduced, he must express his opinions on the very delicate question, which would be likely to make a deep impression on many who held the opinion on all reconcilie matters in profound reverence, he could take occasion, before an audience like this, to say anything to sustain his own particular views, which he had done elsewhere, to which, that he differed, as now, from the position assumed by that learned gentleman in reference to this subject, and he would take occasion in following up the inquiry in the most full examination of that views recently given to the public.

The Rev. Dr. Smyth, in a speech of much eloquence, expressed his entire concurrence in the views advanced by the reverend and learned gentleman who had just spoken. He, too, had devoted to this subject much inquiry. He was an advocate of the strict unity of the race, believing, with the Apostle, that God made of one blood all the nations of the earth to dwell on the face of the earth; so he believed, he said, that all men had descended from the same common ancestors. He thought that the best way to overthrow the authority and defeat the objects of Dr. Bachman's publication.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in the city was 133—adults 83, and children 50.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 27th, Mr. Webster rose for the purpose of defending his recent speech from the charge of being inconsistent with his former opinions, and the subject of slavery in the territories. He said he entertained the same opinions he had always entertained, but with his name upon the list of it, quoting from the letter which he had written to the Senate, he understood, in the Senate. The Constitution was the bond of the Union, and it was the duty of the Government had been true to it.

There is not a man in the hall who holds to the principle of the Wilmot Proviso more firmly than he (Mr. Webster) does.

In opposition to the increase of slavery in this country, he had given his votes, when they were taken in Congress, in general and universal. It was an entire mistake to say that he had changed any of the opinions which he had ever entertained, and, indeed, all circumstances against all circumstances, he had never changed his opinions on the subject of slavery.

He would undertake now to say, that if anybody could point out a single sentence or a single act showing any inconsistency, he either did not understand the subject or was not candid. If he was inconsistent, he had never voted for any measure of slavery, or any measure favorable to it, he had said that he would carry out the compromise with Texas. Having reasonable security, namely, the making of the compact, he would not have voted for the admission of Texas. For it was not the part of a statesman, nor of an intelligent and honest man, to do so.

Mr. Hale replied that the Texas compact was not binding, because it was void in its origin. Texas, as it was in 1836, and in 1838, and 1839, was not a State. Texas, under the circumstances, there was no constitutional obligation to admit her as a State on different occasions. He had, however, in his situation to fix, complied with the compact.

Mr. Webster rejoined, if the Senator did not speak for the purpose of suggesting an inconsistency, he could not see what it was object. He could not be fairly inferred from his remarks, that in 1838, that he had declared that the people of Congress had already done. His remarks read only apply to future legislation. He had always opposed the acquisition of slave territory—opposed the acquisition of Texas, and opposed the admission of it as a slave territory; and if Mr. Hale was twenty years more in Congress, he would not vote with him, this controversy would never have come before us. Why did the treaty not provide for the admission upon the basis of gentlemen from New Mexico? He had heard nothing from Massachusetts that a motion was made to amend the treaty by inserting a provision for the admission of Texas as the Territory which should be acquired. Then, he had voted for the admission of Texas. But if such a vote was not intended, although in the Senate, Massachusetts had not voted for it, and he (Mr. Webster) had not anti-gas monopoly said the price of gas was reasonable. Heretofore he had been opposed to the admission of Texas, and had declared candor. He believed that the Senate was not to blame, and he (Mr. Webster) did not consider himself to blame.

Mr. Webster, proceeding, said that he had made a speech on this question last year, which he would not be fairly inferred from his remarks. He had declared that he would not vote for any more slave territory; and if Mr. Hale was twenty years more in Congress, he would not vote with him, this controversy would never have come before us. Why did the treaty not provide for the admission upon the basis of gentlemen from New Mexico? He had heard nothing from Massachusetts that a motion was made to amend the treaty by inserting a provision for the admission of Texas as the Territory which should be acquired. Then, he had voted for the admission of Texas. But if such a vote was not intended, although in the Senate, Massachusetts had not voted for it, and he (Mr. Webster) had not considered

Selected Poetry.

TO-DAY.

BY CHARLES WILTON

Let dumb graves for children's days
And only those look back
Whose wasted wealth or shattered health
Betrays a shameless track
I mourn not a morning time
Forever passed away—
For while I look on Nature's book
I'm thankful for to-day!

The trees are still as fresh and green
As ever trees have been,
And still, in primal vigor seen,
They waive their arms to and fro;
The rivers sing the self-same song
That they have sung for long,
Whose burden, as they glide along,
Is, "God is here to-day."
There's not a bird upon the bough,
Or leaf upon the tree,
But in the summer twilight now
As sweetly sings to me;
The blushes on the wild water blown
Can chase denser away,
And shower blessings on the morn
That hide the earth to-day.

And everywhere a cheerful gibe
Invites us to exercise
To grieve no more the days of yore,
But scan a thankful voice
That tell us, though the world wears fair
In years removed from ours,
The earth and sky, and sea and air,
As lovely are to-day.

Then tell me not that childhood's days
Alone are fraught with joys—
That manhood's fairy dreams receive
The structures of the boy
The childish smile is ever the theme
Of virtuous far away.
But man beholds angelic themes
In wonders of to-day.

Oh, ye, whose eyes upbraiding rise,
Pronounce the fair severe—
Who hail the earth with cherished hopes
Love tracing in the dust—
Discard a false, unseemly thrall,
Nor own as world's envy,
But hope it him who gave you all,
And thank him for to-day!

Interesting Account

TEACHING THE DEAF AND DUMB TO SPEAK.

We hope none of our readers will omit the perusal of the following interesting account of the manner pursued to teach the deaf and dumb to read and speak, in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Berlin, Prussia:

Some years ago, Horace Mann, in one of his reports, as Secretary of the Board of Education, gave some account of the above mentioned institution. It was with feelings of incredulity I must confess, that we read his description. It was impossible to doubt his veracity, yet we could scarcely believe, that the imagination of the writer had unconsciously colored his statements. Since that time, we have had an opportunity of visiting the place, and of witnessing the miracle with our own eyes. We can now add our humble testimony to that of the late Secretary. We have seen the deaf made to hear and the dumb to speak. The credulity has vanished. It does, indeed, seem impossible, that the deaf and dumb should ever acquire the power of intelligent conversation. It is difficult to believe, that they can ever be brought to comprehend and use intelligent speech with the ease, yet such is the fact. We trust that something similar to the institution we propose to describe, will, before long, be established in our own country.

The institution is situated on Linien Strasse, in the northern quarter of Berlin. It is supported by the Prussian Government. It has lately received a strong desire to take the lead in education, and has, therefore, every class in the community. An humble building, without any pretensions to architectural beauty, is assigned to the institution. Its accommodations are not by any means adapted to meet the wants of all, who claim its advantages. But as our present purpose is not so much to give a description of the accommodations of the pupils, as of the modes of teaching and of the results obtained, we will pass at once to the latter subject.

Upon one and visit, we almost refused to credit our senses. Repeated visits increased our incredulity—in short, we did not dismiss it—but our marvellousness. The Director took us at once, on that visit, to the highest class of the whole institution. It was composed of those, who were progressing to graduate. There were about a dozen girls, and nearly as many boys in the class. Their ages varied from twelve to fifteen or sixteen. They were employed with their books and slates, in studying geography, history, arithmetic and the like, in the same way as other children. Their teacher spoke to them in the same tone of voice and with the same rapidity of pronunciation, that he would have done to others. They gave them, easily, some in arithmetic, which they copied upon the black-board, or upon their slates, with perfect facility. He asked them questions in geography, which they answered without any difficulty. They, on the other hand, addressed their teacher on a distinct voice, required him to solve their difficulties, and he aid them in their studies. Several of them read aloud from various books upon the table. Their style of reading and accentuation did not differ materially from that of other children. In any difference existed it was on the side of greater distinctness. In short, communication, by means of speech, between teacher and pupil was entirely established. And yet these deaf children could not hear a single word. They had no recollection but could form no idea of sound. They ear had never vibrated to the tones of music, or inferred to the rich melody of the human voice. They were utterly and unmistakably deaf. But, to all appearance, they had recovered the use of hearing by means of sight. They were studying, talking and laughing like other children. Instead of the dull and consonant expression, which deaf children so often wear, their features beamed with life and intelligence. Instead of a peculiarly unmeaning sound, their voices were cheerful and intelligent. We called some of them from their seats and asked them to make a short exhibition. They did so at once. We entered into conversation with them, to see if they could understand a stranger, as well as those to whom they were accustomed. At first it was necessary to speak rather slower than usual, but with the change, we were understood precisely.

It was impossible to witness the interest experienced on the countenances of these unfortunate children. When addressed, they had their eyes upon the speaker, as if they would read his inmost thoughts. And as they comprehended him, reading, as he spoke, his motions in the motion of his lips, an expression of joy stole over their countenances, and they gave a quick answer. If they did not clearly comprehend what was said, they took of distressed and doubtful. But when they had completely mastered the speaker's meaning, they would clap their hands with delight. They appeared like beings, revelling in the enjoyment of a new sense. They felt an incomprehensible pleasure in the single act of communicating with their fellow beings.

The following is a brief outline of the manner in which this wonderful result is obtained:

In order to understand this, it is necessary to premise, that all the sounds of the human voice may be analyzed into these, produced by the lips —the tongue—and the throat. All the consonant sounds of the human voice are produced by one of these causes, or by two or more of these combined. Take, for example, the word, represented by p, a. The first, p, is produced by the lips alone. The breath, however, comes in the pronunciation, but I am now speaking of the application—of the instrument, not of the result thereof. The second, a, is produced by the tongue, alone. The throat and lips have nothing to do with it. The third, n, or nasal sound, is made by the tongue, the throat and the lips, without the agency of the tongue or lips. Now, if a deaf child can be taught to imitate the motions of another's lips, when the latter pronounces the sound, it will in the same time to make an expression, he will pronounce the same sound. And whenever he sees the same motions of the lips, he will recognize it as the similar sign. All sounds have corresponding motions, which might be called their physical sign, expressed by the lips, tongue, throat, or a combination of these. A deaf child speaks, when he can make those signs, and comprehends, when he can recognize them in others. This is the task to be accomplished. It is in fact reducing the ear to the eye. The former is made to catch the minutest difference of sound, and to retain it in the mouth, during conversation, as the latter sees the varying shades of sound. What I have already said, shows not only the possibility of doing this, but that in many respects, the substitution may become a perfect one.

All the letters of the alphabet are pranked expressly on little square cards. The instructor takes some of these cards and a child, who has never heard a sound, or given utterance to any thing, save an unmeaning cry, or groan. He puts the child's finger before his own mouth, and pronounces the sound, p, for instance. It is easier easy to begin with the lip sounds, such as p, f, &c., which are the simplest. The child feels a current of air upon his finger, and sees a peculiar motion of his teacher's lips. He soon makes some to imitate that, by holding his finger before his own mouth, and hearing and making the same motions. After a few trials, aided and encouraged by a patient and skilful instructor, he is able to produce the sound quite accurately. He is then shown a card, with the letter, p, printed upon it. In a very short time, he associates the two together, or, that character, he sees the letter, p, which is the printed sign, or the symbol, to him, is the physical sign, he recognizes a familiar object. In this way, the teacher goes through all the lip sounds, and the child is taught not only to pronounce the sounds, but to write their signs. The tongue sounds, such as t, r, d, and the like, are next taught. When he can pronounce and write these accurately, he is taught the throat sounds, as, a, e, i, o, u, &c. These are the most difficult. In teaching them, the child's finger is placed upon the instructor's throat—or Adam's apple—while the latter pronounces, for example, the letter, e. The child feels a peculiar tremulous motion, on the muscles of the throat, and transferring his finger to his own throat (the attention by the previous instruction has been aroused and sharpened) endeavors to produce the same action. After a while, depending upon the intelligence of the child and the tact of the teacher, he succeeds in accomplishing this. In all cases, it should be remembered, he is taught to associate the motion, with the letter or sign upon the card.

The next step is to combine these sounds, or as a deaf person would say, these motions. The teacher selects one lip sign printed—upon the other a throat sign, as p, and a. At this stage, the pupil has, of course, become familiar with the articulation by the previous instruction has been aroused and sharpened;